

views from Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, and other renowned magnates. They had agreed that all a young man starting in life required was industry and penuriosity. Sage appealed to him quite a good deal, and he had a fond mental picture of that veteran philanthropist sedately and cautiously eating a five-cent chunk of pie; while seated on the next stool at the lunch counter sat that other eminent humanitarian and mentor, Jay Gould. The only trouble with both of them was, from the Colonel's philosophical viewpoint, that they had millions before they ate the pie. He was quite sure that he too would be willing to lunch on a glass of milk and piece of pie, if he knew at the same time that he had seventeen hundred millions of dollars in the bank with which to buy terrapin if the pie crop failed.

Somehow all this advice they gave fell flat. He had voted for Greeley, who advised beginners to go West, and so he clung to Greeley; but the West proved strange and unhomelike. In Seattle he had stopped at a four-dollar-a-day hotel, waiting quite eagerly for Miss Opportunity to interrupt him at his meals. He had listened hungrily for her to call him up over the telephone, always to learn that she ran for Isaac Levenson, or Si Hawkins, and both Isaac and Si usually rushed off with a sample case to show her their wares immediately after leaving the booth, hotfooting it toward her abode. Yet he was undaunted. His shibboleth was threadbare, and his banner of intent frayed round the edges where he had stubbornly swung it to the Washington breeze. Its letters were faded in those few weeks; but it still bore that strange device, "Any gentleman can make money, Sir, if he but turn his attention to commercial pursuits."

Now he was on the excursion because it had been advertised as a rare bargain, and bargains had always appealed to him, whether they were for clothespins, talking machines, or dogs. Plainly he had bought the ticket because it was at cut rates. Plainly also, when he counted over his funds at the hotel before starting, he was distressed because his capital had steadily and alarmingly decreased, until he felt for a time that it would have been better to forgo the bargain.

"I must get to work mighty soon," he had said. "Right soon after I get back I must start this here commercial pursuit. Arabella's got faith in me, and all my neighbors down there in Chattanooga expect me to do somethin'. Must get to work!"

Then he had sat down and read Tennyson for an hour, and risen much inspirited in his pursuit of millions.

EXCLAMATIONS from the group of young women interrupted the Colonel's reverie. They were extolling—nay, rhapsodizing—over a tiny bay, a soaring cliff, gorgeous trees, and lofty mountains, which swelled and blended into a picture as the Golden Eagle turned her quivering bow round a headland of the wonderful sound and changed her course. The Colonel had always been afflicted with an eye for beauty.

"By jinks!" he declared to himself. "It is a fairy spot! I'm tired of working so hard to make a fortune. If I had that, and a house on it, and a few good hounds, and a small steam yacht, I could be happy there with Arabella."

"I guess I can sell it to you, Friend," a voice broke in behind him, and the Colonel was bashfully aware that he had expressed his ecstatic thought aloud.

He turned and lifted his hat, glad of the opportunity to speak to anyone who would listen. A fat, short, broad, and red-faced man, smooth shaved, smoothly groomed in a checked suit, and wearing a large double Albert watch chain across a very rotund frontage, smiled up at him. The Colonel was dazzled by the smile; but somewhat critical over the individual's taste. He had never approved of a checked business suit, a silk hat, a diamond shirtstud, diamond cuff links, and a blue-bordered silk handkerchief to match patent leather shoes with blue cloth tops. He wished the man had a soft hat and a white handkerchief; but the eyes, which framed themselves into a vivacious, merry twinkle, held him. There was friendliness, curiosity, and alert intelligence in their depths. They met other eyes fairly, and laughed, and sparkled, and expressed good humor. They suggested keenness, and many other things. They were eyes that might prove crafty, or cruel, or selfish, and yet one might be sure that they looked on life as a great joke and a splendid show.

"Yes, Sir," the little man said, sticking the thumbs of his white, pudgy hands into the armholes of his vest, after shoving the offending silk hat farther back on his head, "if you like that land, I'll sell it to you. Come on now, Sir, what do you say?"

For quite a long time the Colonel studied that blandly smiling face and was compelled to melt. "I take it, Sir, that you are its owner," he said. "I'm right glad to meet and congratulate you on having such a splendid slice of God's beautiful earth."

"Must remember that," said the stocky man, removing his hat and looking into its crown. "Good idea for an ad—'God's beautiful earth'! Good stuff, that." Then he replaced the hat and looked at the Colonel. "No," he went on, "I don't own that land. I'm a real estate broker. Permit me."

With amazing quickness he thrust his hand into his

vest pocket, then tendered his card. The Colonel accepted it, fumbled for his glasses, adjusted them to the bridge of his high, thin, finely cut nose, and read, "William Burmah Jones, Real Estate Agent. The globe for sale. Any or all of it at the customer's disposal. List or buy your property from a live one, because the dead ones all specialize in cemetery lots." Then there had been scratched out with a pen the address in Fort Scott, Kansas, and a Seattle address substituted.

"Nifty! Yes?" demanded William Burmah Jones, twinkling at the Colonel. "Shows the difference between a hustler and a foggy, eh? My mother's name was Burmah. Great for that, the old lady was. I always print it out in full because she liked it. Been gone a long time now; but I always do all I can to keep her name before the public."

The Colonel, somewhat bewildered, assured him that he was very creditable of him to pay so much honor to his mother's memory on his business card. Mentally he wondered if the card was an indication of what a gentleman had to do when he went out after success.

NOW, about that land," Jones continued briskly. "I can sell it to you cheap. It's a bargain, that's what it is! Observe that wonderful bay, with a natural place for wharves, sheltered from the winds and the waves! Pretty good that—sheltered from the winds and the waves! Ideal place, Sir! Grow anything up there on that magnificent hill behind it."

The Colonel caught his breath after this outburst. "Of course, Sir, you have been up there on the hill to test the soil?" he asked.

"Been up there? Me? No! But, Lord bless you, Man! 'tain't necessary. One can see that from here. Yes, Siree! Grow anything up there, Mr.—By the way, what is your name?"

"Hatch, Sir, Monzo Fairfax Hatch, from Chattanooga, Tennessee."

Jones was studying the Confederate button that peeped from beneath the carnation. He now thrust out his fat, fleshy, white hand and said, "Glad to meet you, Colonel!"

And the Colonel, so accustomed to the title, gave no thought to its use as he accepted the hand. It warmed him up to find anyone to whom he could talk in a friendly spirit in this lonesome land. Jones was, at the least, company.

"Officer, just a moment, please," Jones suddenly called to the chief mate as the latter passed them.

The officer halted.

"Excuse me, a moment, Colonel," Jones said, hastening away to the chief mate. "Say, what's that point over there called?" he asked in a quick mutter.

"That? It's Squaw Point."

"Thanks."

Jones returned to the Colonel. "Now let me see—where were we? Oh, yes, I remember, now. We were talking about Squaw Point, that exquisite piece of Nature's handiwork you see planted over there. Squaw Point can be bought, Colonel, I think. I have some connection with the family that owns it. It can be bought cheap—dirt cheap! It's a bargain, Colonel."

The Golden Eagle swung farther round, and now there was discernible a sandspit stretching out, and on it a hut, such as are built by fishermen, or squatters, and a small, weather-beaten tent. From the shore line of the tiny bay stretched a shallow flat, and above that precipitously rose the splendid cliff, whose crest was wood crowned. A canoe, with a tiny rag of discolored canvas, swept round by the steamer's stern, and a much tanned young man looked up at them with calm, gray eyes, and waved a hand in response to their salute. A little distance beyond him a bearded, forlorn, slouchy appearing fisherman paused from hauling in a net to stare at him, and they could see the silvery thrashing of fish at his feet in the bottom of the boat.

"See what a perfect place for the building of a home!" enthused Jones, calling the Colonel's attention to the wooded headland. "The bay is the place for the yacht, the hill the spot for a home. Yes, Siree! Nothing like it anywhere in the world! A paradise, that's what she is! Finest climate in the world. Wonderful timber up there. Why, I guess a man could go into the timber business and make a fortune off'n that hillside. More money in timber out here than anywhere on the Almighty's footstool. All the millionaires out here got

rich from timber. Just buy that place, cut all that magnificent timber off, take that money, and build a home on that cleared land—and there you are! What more could a man want?"

The Colonel stopped to think if he could recall any millionaires who had made their fortunes from lumbering. Neither Smiles, nor Carnegie, nor Sage had given him any advice on that subject, and he was convinced that Jay Gould had had something to do with railways.

"I must be cautious," he declared to himself. "Sage taught me that. A gentleman starting out in commercial pursuits must move cautiously."

Moreover, he had somehow conceived the idea, vaguely, that he wanted to start life as a railway magnate. All the books he had read on success taught him that the first thing to do was to save money to buy the desired object. Pondering this, while William Burmah Jones rattled off a string of amazing figures about how many shingles could be made from one small tree, and hearing nothing of his words, the Colonel came to the conclusion that he must be conservative. He would follow the books and his inclinations at the same time. That was it! Save his money and buy a railroad! He looked down at the emphatic and calculating Jones with a great resolve in his eyes.

"I'm right sorry, Sir," he said, "to disappoint you; but, while it is quite true that I have some small means, Sir, and seek investment, I favor railway projects."

"Railways? Humph! What's a railway compared with such a magnificent spot as that there is? Think of the timber, Colonel! Hundreds of thousands have been made off'n timber. Besides all that, Colonel, we need men of your character here in this growing country. We want you with us. Maybe I can get you into the Chamber of Commerce over at Seattle or Port Townsend. You'd be a credit to us, with all your vast knowledge of commerce and industry."

Jones failed to state that he was not a member of either of these bodies, and that in his pocket reposed a ticket for Spokane, which he had decided was to be his next field of conquest. Indeed, he preferred, if this sale went through, that there should be several hundred miles between him and the Colonel after its consummation. A man with the whole globe for sale couldn't be expected to remain forever in one spot! It would be unjust to the globe.

A dinner bell clanged loudly through the steamer's length, and, like a warhorse hearing the bugle call for a charge, Jones sniffed the air and lifted his head.

"That's for the chowings," he said. "Come on, Colonel! First come first served on these scows."

But the Colonel, his poetic soul still entranced by the passing scenery, was loath to miss any of it. "Thank you kindly, Sir," he said, "for your invitation; but I think I shall fast today."

"See you later then, Colonel," Jones replied; but as he hastened as rapidly as his short legs would carry him in the direction of the dining saloon he said to himself, "Invitation? Invitation? Wonder if that old feller was sarcastic, or really meant it? Maybe that's the way they do things down there where he comes from."

YET Jones did not appreciate the seed he had sown in the cheerful adventurer's mind, nor how reluctantly the Colonel was rejecting the proposal to buy Squaw Point, the price of which, or whether it was for sale, neither he nor Jones knew. In fact, the Colonel was wondering whether he could not buy the place, build a fine home on that attractive point, erect a saw-mill to clear the timber, then afterward raise cotton on that noble headland. And all on less than seven thousand dollars! Perhaps the railway could wait until he had saved more money. He was sure that Arabella, with all the dancing blood of her twenty-three years, and with her youthful desire for outdoors, would love this spot if he chose it for her home.

He was quite free from any interruption through the remainder of the afternoon and evening, and discovered the cause when he passed the smoker's room that squatted in isolated state forward on the main deck. Jones, in shirt sleeves, with his silk hat tilted at a belligerent angle over his fair brow, and chewing steadily at the remnant of a frayed cigar that protruded from the corner of his mouth, was addressing himself to three other excursionists in a tone of firm expostulation.

"That stuff's too raw to try to pull on me," he was asserting at the moment the Colonel paused by the open window. "Any man that draws one card on me and then tries to bluff when I've got fours never had the benefits of learnin' this noble game in Fort Scott, Kansas. No, Siree! Why, when I think of what the boys down there would do to you infants if you ever blew into our town it just naturally gives me the first spell of seasickness I've had on this here boat!"

And from the size of the pile that rested in front of Jones the Colonel decided that the statement had been but a bald utterance of truth.

CHAPTER II.

THE Colonel was painstakingly counting his money for the thousandth time or so in his room in the Seattle Hotel on the day after the excursion, when the

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EVENING

Then is the time

For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.—Thomson